we needed some jollification because we had suffered so much from heing estranged. He used to say that there should be no such word as " quarrel," and one morning he wrote me a letter with the following postscript written in hig letters :

" THERE DO EXIST SUCH THINGS A.S HONEST MISUNDER-STANDINGS.

'- There, my Eleauora Delicia " (this - was his name for me, my real, full name being Ellen Alicia), " stick that up in some place where you will often see it. Better put it on *your looking-glass.* And if you can once get those words into your noddle, it will save you a world of unhappiness.'*

I think he was quite right about this. Would that he had been as right in his theories about stage management!

He was a rare one for realism. He had - *preached,* it in all his plays, and when he produced a one-act play, " Rachael the Reaper/* in front of " The Wandering Heir," he began to practise what he preached—jumped into reality up to the neck!

He began by buying *real* pigs, *real* sheep, a *real* goat, and a *real* dog. *Real* litter was strewn all over the stage, much to the inconvenience of the unreal farm-labourer, Charles Kelly., who could not compete with it, although he looked as like a fanner as any actor could. They all looked their parts better than the real wall which ran across the stage, piteously naked of *real* shadows, owing to the absence of the *real* sun, and, of course, deficient in the painted shadows which make a painted wall look so like the real thing.

Never, never can. I forget Charles Reade's arrival at the theatre in a four-wheeler with a goat and a lot of little pigs. When the cab drew up at the stage-door, the goat seemed to say, as plainly as any goat could: " I'm dashed if I stay in this cab any longer with these pigs ! " and while Charles